

My Journal

By Buck



The travels and stories of a kidnapped dog
1897

Student's name

Class or period



Fall 1897

I wish I knew the exact date, but I don't. I'm a dog and I'm not into calendars. That being said, this is the most important day of my life. I'm in shock! I'm furious and I hurt all over. I've never been so scared in all my life. The unthinkable happened today.

Life was good. Actually, life was great. Judge Miller was the best! I hadn't realized I'd had it so good. There was hunting, swimming, and rolling in the grass with the kids. Good food and plenty of it! I got to roam freely and be with the other animals on the farm. That was the life! But now I know better. Life is hard. Nothing is predictable. I just hope it doesn't get worse. I didn't know people could be so mean.

The rope around my neck nearly strangled me. But what was worse than the pain was the realization that I was no longer in control. I've been kidnapped and they're treating me like dirt?

Several Days Later

I'm so hungry I can't think straight. I've been clubbed. I've been



beaten. I've tasted blood. How will I ever survive?

I wish I could say that I love to travel, to see new places, and see new people. The men have talked about a place called Seattle. But I think that Seattle is only the beginning. There's going to be more to my travels than Seattle and I'm afraid it will all be bad.

Last night in a delirious state after a clubbing I dreamed of bacon. If only I could smell and taste it again!